THE GENTLEMAN'S Concert.

BEING

A Choice Collection of SONGS,

Containing,

1. *Come Moggy, my ſweet one, with me come awoy.*
2. *Dear Sylvia, no longer my Paſſion deſpiſe.*
3. *With the ſun have the Lads and the Laſſes aroſe.*
4. *A curſe attend that Womans Love.*
5. *One Morning as I was a walking.*
6. *For now the cold Winter comes on.*
7. *In Infancy our Hopes and Fears.*
8. *When Infancy to Manhood grew.*
9. *When I follow'd a Laſs that was forward and ſky.*
10. *A Dawn of Hope my Soul revives.*
11. *When Nature had with bluſhing Roſe.*
12. *As I was a driving my Waggon one Day.*
13. *You Rakes that are Jolly, and never will Marry.*
14. *There lived a Man in Ballina crazy.*
15. *Ye moſſy Fonts, ye bubbling Rills.*
16. *Ye Gods hear my Prayers.*
17. *As thro' the gay Greenwood I happened to paſs.*
18. *My Daddy is gone to his Grave.*
19. *I made Love to Kate.*

Printed and Sold in Aldermary Church Yrrd, Bow-Lane, London.

O'er the Plain Moggy.

COme Moggy, my ſweet one, with me come away;
The day-light's juſt peeping, whilſt you lay aſleeping,
The day-light's juſt peeping, &c.
The ſun in full ſplendor awake now and ſee,
And O're the Plain Moggy, come trip it with me
O'er the Plain Moggy, O'er the Plain
Moggy O'er the Plain, O'er the Plain
O'er the Plain Moggy;
The ſun in full ſplendor, &c.
Dear Jocky excuſe me I'm young and afraid;
If to you I conſent, I may one day repent,
So pray len me beg you for me not to ſtay,
But O'er the Plain Jocky alone take your way
By Venus bright goddeſs my paſſion is true,
Then fair one be kind, & give eaſe to my mind,
Came with me love to the Kirk let us hie?
That's O'er the Plain Moggy, nor longer deny.
Well Jockey at laſt you have conquer'd indeed
I your offer approve, and accept of your love,
No longer my ſhepherd, to you I'll ſay No
But O'er the Plain Jockey, together we'll go.

Damon and Sylvia.

HE.

DEAR Sylvia no longer my paſſion deſpiſe,
nor arm with terror thoſe beautifull eyes,
Nor arm thus with terror thoſe beautiful eyes:
They become not diſdain but moſt charming would prove,
If once they were ſoften'd with ſmiles & with love
If once they were ſoften'd with ſmiles & with love

SHE.

Whilſt I with a ſmile can each ſhepherd ſubdue
Oh! Damon I muſt not be ſoften'd by you;
Nor fondly give up in an unguarded hour
The pride of each woman's unlimited power,

HE.

Tho' power my dear be to deities given,
The generous friendſhip's the darling of heaven,
And ah! be that friendſhip extended to me,
I'll kneel and acknowledge no godeſs but thee.

SHE

Suppoſe to your ſuit I ſhould liſten awhile,
And only for pity's ſake grant you a ſmile.

HE

Nay ſtop not at that but your kindneſs improve
And let entle pity be ripen'd in love.

SHE.

Well then faithleſs ſwain I'll examine my heart,
And if it be poſſible grant you a part.

HE.

Now tho' I like yourſelf like an angel expreſs'd
For grant me but part and ſoon I'll ſteal the

SHE.

Take heed ye fair maiden's with caution believe
For love's an intruder and apt to deceive;
For when the leaſt part the fly urchin hath gain'd
You'll ne'er be at eaſe till the whole is obtain'd

A new favourite Dialogue SONG.

Man. WITH the Sun have the Lads and the Laſſes aroſe,
Theſe bring the ſweet Roſes, the Jeſſamine thoſe;
In the Church-yard they wait, for to croſs thee, my dear;
Our Friends are all met, and the Parſon is there.

Wom. Oh, *Colin!* believe me, my Love is ſincere,
But pardon a poor Virgin's innocent Fear;
Since under the Oak tree I promis'd to wed
A thouſand ſtrange Whimſies have come in my Head.

Man. Sure, *Phyllis*, the Love that has ſo fully burn'd,
Shall not now with indifference and Slight return'd:
What haſt thou to aſk, or have I to deny?
My all is thy own, then haſte, *Phyllis*, and

Wom. Will you promiſe to bear with the Prattle of Love,
That my Fondneſs ſhall ne'er diſagree prove?
That if at the Market too late you ſhou'd
Will you fly with your Wife from the houſe away?

Man. I promiſe you all; and what wou'd you have?
Oh! make a kind Husband of this your Slave;
Then at Market or Fair ſhall thy *Colin* be
But without thee muſt all his Acres
Wom. So the Lark, when ſhe wants over the Plain,
Flies down to her Mate, and repays Pain:
My Doubts are diſpel'd, bid the Village be
For *Colin* ſhall wed his own *Phyllis* To-

Female Hardſhip.

A Curſe attends that woman born
Who always would be pleaſing
The pertneſs of the billing dove
Like tickling, is but teaſing.
What then in love can woman do
If we grow fond they do ſhun us
And when we fly, they purſue,
But when they have won us
They leave us to rue.

A New Love Song.

ONE morning as I was a walking
Down by the meadows and fields
eard a young damſel a talking,
It was under the ſhady green trees.
ith ſugar woords he embrac'd her,
And claſp'd her faſt in her arms,
d he ſaid, He was glad for to meet her
And ſaid, He would do her no harm
eetheart have you a mind for to marry,
Come hither, and tell me your mind,
r if you no longer can tarry,
Or if ſome other true love can find;
anſwer me quickly, dear Molly
And grant me one kiſs from your hand
d if ever *I* live to get money,
It ſhall be at your command.
eſe words they are fit for a woman,
Which young men they commonly uſe
the city they are grown ſo common
I fear that you will me abuſe:
ung women they are loath for to venture,
Or for to truſt young men at all,
when they have ſing'd their indenture,
They muſt take whatever befal.
ere's Nancy, and Molly, and Suſan,
Who tho' they repine now and then
ey oftentimes wiſh'd themſelves ſingle
They never would marry again.
ey oftentimes wiſh themſelves ſingle,
Thoſe words they often expreſs'd,
d ſwore with no man for to mingle
For a ſingle life is the beſt.
now *I* can riſe in the morning
As ſoon as ehe day doth begin,
now *I* have no one to controul me,
Or for to ſay, Where have you been?
eſe words you know, when you are marry'd,
Beſides the troubles and cares:
erefore with no man will *I* marry.
So, honeſt young man, pray forbear.

The Poor Man's Wiſh for a Wife.

FOR now the cold winter comes on
And fortune runs hard on my ſide
For work at my trade I have none,
And the beſt of my friends I have try'd
For he that's a friend to himſelf,
May provide for a cold winter's day,
It will ſerve him in time of his need,
When his friends they frown him away
When money and work it comes in,
O then I'm as briſk as a bee
And if I have ſixpence to ſpend,
Then my friends they will all viſit me
But if I've not ſixpence to ſpend,
And ſixpence I go to borrow,
I'm ſure to come back as I went.
It is very well known to my ſorrow.
My breeches are ragged and torn,
And ſtockings hang down to my ſhoes
My pockets no money will hold,
For faith I have none to loſe:
My ſhirt is as black as the devil,
For I want an induſtrious wife,
And if you can help me good fellow,
I'll love you all the days of my life.
If I to an alehouſe ſhould go,
To ſpend what Ive labour'd for long
And aſk them to truſt me a pot,
He ſtraitway would bid me be gone;
For if I *ſhould* owe an old ſcore,
And have got no money to ſpend,
They'll clap the bums on my back,
For a man without money's no friend
All this by experience I've learnt,
And one thing runs hard on my ſide
If I had an induſtrious wife,
That would willingly ſomething provide,
I ſhould like to tumble and toſs,
And till dinner time lay in my bed,
If a woman could but ſerve me ſo,
I care not how ſoon I was wed.

Old INFANCY.

IN INFANCY our hopes and fears,
Were to each other known,

No ſordid intereſt then appears,
Affection rules alone.
Its friendſhip ripen'd with our youth,
The fruit was gather'd there;
Bright wiſdom and fair blooming youth
Subdued every care.
Ah happy, more than happy ſtate,
Where hearts are twin'd in one;
Yet few, ſo rigid is our fate,
May wear the tender crown.
By one rude touch the roſes fall,
And all their beauties fade,
In vain we ſigh, in vain we call,
Too late is human aid.
In Infancy our hopes and fears,
Were to each other known,
And friendſhip ripen'd with our years
Has twin'd our hearts in one.
O clear him then from this offence,
Thy love and duty prove;
Reſtore him with that innocence,
That firſt inſpir'd my love.

New INFANCY.

WHEN Infancy to Manhood grew,
Some beauty touch'd my heart;
From vein to vein Love's lightning flew,
With painful pleaſing ſmart.
My boſom ſweet content forſook,
And ſooth'd the ſoft dejection;
The melting ſigh and ſparkling look
Prov'd Love and ſweet Affection.
Unus'd to arts that win the fair,
What could a ſhepherd do,
And to ſubmit to ſad deſpair,
Was not the way to wooe:
At length I told the deareſt maid,
I hop'd ſhe'd no objection,
I'd talk while round her lambkins play
Of Love and Sweet Affection.
A bluſh my Chloe's cheeks bedeckt,
A bluſh devoid of guile.
And what from me can you expect?
She anſwer'd with a ſmile.
Many nymhs have been betray'd
Thro' want and calm perfection;
Then don't my peace of mind invad
With Love and ſweet Affection.
Dear maid, I cry'd, miſtruſt me not,
In wedlock's bands let's join,
My kids, my kine, my herds my goa
My ſoul itſelf is thine;
To church he led the blooming fair,
For Hymen's ſoft protection,
And now life's deareſt joys we ſhare.
With Love and ſweet Affection.

The only Way.

WHen I follow'd a laſs that w
forward and ſhy.
Oh! I ſtuck to her ſtuff till I made h
comy,
O! I took her ſo lovingly round
waiſt,
And I ſmack'd her lips, and I held h
faſt,
When hugg'd and haul'd,
She ſqueal'd and ſquall'd;
But tho' ſhe vow'd all I did was
vain,
Yet I pleas'd her ſo well that ſhe b
it again:
Then hoity to'ty,
Whiſky, friſky,
Green was her gown upon the graſs
Oh, ſuch were the joys of our ance
days.

A Dawn of Hope.

A Dawn of hope my ſoul revives,
and baniſhes deſpair.
If yet my deareſt Damon lives,
make him ye Gods your care.
Diſpel the gloomy ſhades of night
my tender grief remove;
O ſend ſome chearing ray of light
and guide me to my love.
This in a ſecret friendly ſhade
the penſive Celia mourn'd
While courteous Echo lent her aid,
and ſigh for ſigh return'd.
When ſudden Damon's well known
each riſing fear diſarm'd.
He eager ſprings to her embrace,
ſhe ſinks into his arms.

The Haughty MAID.

WHEN Nature had with blushing Roſe,
The face of Celia grac'd,
And ev'ry feature form'd to pleaſe,
In beauteous order plac'd,
Proud of theſe vain external charms,
She ſwells with ſcornful pride,
Enchanted with the fading roſe
That on her cheeks are dy'd.
With haughty air ſhe treads the ground
And flaunts it o'er the plain,
Deſpiſing thoſe of humble form,
Amongſt the rural train.
Yet why fair Celia ſhould ſuch thoughts
Thy tender mind employ?
Conſider ſoon that bloom will fade,
Which now thou doſt enjoy.
And know that Pride in each degree,
Is plainly to be ſeen,
That all you do the ſame to hide
Can ne'er this failing ſcreen,
Then walk with humble decent air,
And virtue with it join;
Then men of merit, wit, and ſenſe,
Will ſay thou art divine.

The Waggoner.

AS I was a driving my Waggon one Day,
I met a Young Damſel, tight, buxome and gay;
I kindly accoſted her with a low Bow,
And I felt my whole Body I cannot tell how.
Ge, ho, Dobbin! hi, ho, Dobbin!
Ge, ho. Dobbin, hi, ho!
I long'd to be at her, and gave her a Kiſs;
She thought me but civil, nor took it amiſs:
I knew no recalling the Minutes were paſt,
So began to make Hay while the Sunſhine did laſt.
Ge, ho, Dobbin, &c.

I've ſix Score of Sheep, and each Ram has his Ewe,
And my Cows when they lack to the Parſon's Bull go:
We're made for each other, I prithee comply.
She bluſh'd, her Eyes twinkled, ſhe could not tell why.
Ah, poor Jenny! fearful Jenny!
Ah, poor Jenny! hi, ho.
I kiſs'd her again, ſhe reply'd with Diſdain,
No Kiſſes I want, prithee take them again;
Then whiſper'd me ſoftly, the Weather was hot,
And her Mind ran on ſomething, ſhe could not tell what.
Ah poor Jenny! coaxing Jenny!
Ah poor Jenny! hi, ho.
Then down in the Waggon this Damſel I laid;
But ſtill I kept Driving, for Driving's my Trade:
I rumpled her Feathers, and tickled her Scut,
And play'd the round Rubbers at two-handed Put.
Well put Roger! well put Jenny!
Well put Roger, hi, ho.
Her Breaſts were as ſoft and as white as new Cream,
And her Motion kept pace with the Bells of my Team:
When her Bubbies went up, her plump Buttocks went down,
And the Wheels ſeem'd to ſtand, and the Waggon go round.
O brave Roger! drive on Roger!
O brave Roger, hi, ho.
Thus to and again to our Paſtime we went,
And my Cards I play'd fairly to Jenny's Content:
I work'd at her Pump till the Sucker grew dry,

And then I left Pumping, a good Reason why.
Ah poor Roger! broken-back'd Roger!
Ge, be, Roger, bi, be.
I thought ere we parted to've had t'ether Blow,
When flap went the Waggon Wheel into a Slough,
Which shatter'd her Premiſes out of Repair,
Then Roger's Pump Handle run the Devil knows where.

Ah poor Roger, ſlimſy Roger!
Ah poor Roger, bi, be.

Larry Grogan.

YOU rakes that are jolly and never will marry,
We'll ſend for ſweet Larry, be merry, be merry, &c.
Z---s boy, play up a march for us,
Play up, ſweet Larry, be nimble, &
One time of your chaunter will crown us with honour, [or fiddle.
Exceeding harp, hautboy, or fiddle,
Your pipes, Larry Grogan, the Cellians down in, [ſinging:
Exceedeth the ſweetneſs of ſinging, of
To hear Laſtron-poney, what heart can be ſtoney,
But dancing and roaring be willing, &
Play up to the humours of thoſe that ſpend money free,
Turn out the clown and the niggardly, niggardly:
Kick out of doors the whore that is covetous, [lady.
Fill up the bowl again landlady, landCome play Larry Grogan, the march of the rovers,
The rakes and the troopers, and drunkards, &c.
Drink about, Gentlemen, fill up your bumpers;
Landlady bring us your pitcher, &c.
And let it flow over, you know Larry Grogan
Will tickle the hole of your twitcher, &
We'll frolick to Wexford, play Up to the Hatchets,
And drink off a hogſhead at Hammonds, &c.
From thence to Moll Whealon's we'll viſit the females,
And kiſs ev'ry girl that is handſome, &
Then ſweet young gallants be airy,
The glory o' th' age is ſweet Larry, &
If money don't fail us we'll live all like heroes,
But mind we are never to marry, &c.
Five thouſand per annum, would heav'n but grant us
That portion, I'd ramble with Larry, &
I'd wait on his lady Suſanna or Mary,
But c--ſe me if ever I marry, &c.
Frolick at taverns, drink and make verſes free,
Freely would ſpend a guinea, &c.
What man would I care for, ſweet Larry my maſter,
Would free me in town or in city, &c.
Drink about Larry, let's laugh and be merry,
The world is only a ſhadow, &c.
We'll frolick and caper, let's look for the ſcraper,
Perhaps we may die to-morrow, &c.
If death does approach us we'll play him back home again,
So now let the rogue be civil, &c
If not, we'll deny him, and live in ſpite of him,
Good heav'n preſerve us from evil, &c
For leaping or dancing, for tumbling or prancing,
Who e'er ſaw a blade like young Larry, &c.
For wiſdom or learning, good parts and behaviour,
But ſtill his opinion is never to marry;

He's wise and ingenious, tho' young
wild and rakish;
A gentleman really descended, &c.
He's call'd a young hero, who know
him will say so;
Sweet Larry my verses are ended, &c.

ALLY CROKER.

As it is sung with great Applause by Mr. Atkins, *at* Sadler's-Wells.

THere liv'd a Man in *Ballinotrasy*,
Who wanted a Wife to make
him uneasy;
Long had he sigh'd for dear *Ally Croker*,
And thus the gentle Youth bespoke her,
Will you marry me, dear *Ally Croker?*
Will you marry me, dear *Ally Ally*
Croker?

This artless young Man, just come
from the Schoollery,
A Novice in Love, and all its Foollery
Too dull for a Wit, too grave for
Joker,
And thus the gentle Youth bespoke her,
Will you marry me, &c.
He drank with the Father, he talk'd
with the Mother,
He romp'd with the Sister, he gam'd
with the Brother;
He gam'd till he pawn'd his Coat to
the Broker,
Which lost him the Heart of his dear
Ally Croker,
O the fickle fickle *Ally Croker*,
O the fickle *Ally Ally Croker*.

To all ye young Men who are fond
of Gaming,
Who are spending your Money while
others are saving;
Fortune's a Jilt, the De'el may choak
her, [*Croker*,
A Jilt more inconstant than dear *Ally*
O the inconstant *Ally Croker*, &c.
O the inconstant *Ally Ally Croker*,

CHLOE's Absence.

YE mossy fonts, ye bubbling rills,
Ye flower enamell'd meads;
Ye woods, ye lawns, ye vales, ye hills,
And sweet inviting shades;
Tho' now replete with vernal charms,
You strike the wond'ring sight;
While Cloe's absent from my arms,
You yield me no delight.
Tho' Flora with her blushing train,
Of roses deck the bowers,
And paints the servid earth again
With odoriferous flowers:—
Tho' feather'd warblers to the skies
Chant the melodious lay,
I Chloe's absence mourn in sighs;
And thus to winds I pray:
O zephyr! while you gently blow,
And fan the leafy grove,
Catch my sad accents as they flow,
And waft them to my love:
Or bear me on your breezy wing,
With speed to Chloe's arms,
Enraptur'd there with joy to sing,
And banquet on her charms.

The Lover's Prayer.

YE Gods hear my Prayers,
Nor hear them in vain,
Put an end to my Life,
Or free me from pain;
To quiet and peace,
My fond bosom restore,
Her coldness and coyness
Let Phillis give o'er.
Since my soul where she reigns,
This goddess possest,
'Twixt hope and 'twixt fears
For ever perplext.
To comfort a stranger,
My heart try'd to range,
But a passion so rooted
No power could change,
Her form from my breast
I ne'er can remove,

O pardon me Phillis!
With ardour and love;
In vain I'll attempt
My fault to amend,
But if Love be a crime,
I muſt ever offend.

The GYPSY.

AS thro' the gay green wood I happened to paſs,
A Gypſy ſat under the ſhade,
A Gypſy, &c.
Who told me ſhe ſaw by the lines in face,
My doom was to die, doom was to die, doom was to die,
My doom was to die an Old Maid.
My doom was to die, was to die, an Old Maid.
Her prophecy fill'd me with grief and diſmay,
And pierc'd my poor heart to the quick,
Becauſe I'd oft heard my grandmother ſay,
That Gypſies convers'd with Old Nick.
For ſerious advice to the curate I went
And told him the cauſe of my fright,
Said he, Pretty maid, for a while be content,
And I'll alter the caſe before night.
O then he began with ſuch force and ſuch fire,
With arguments ſo very ſtrong:
Believe me, ye maidens, the devil is a liar,
And ſo there's an end of my ſong.

Sung by Mr. BEARD.

MY Daddy is gone to his grave,
My Mother lies under a ſtone!
And never a penny I have,
Alas! I am quite undone.
My lodging is in the cold air,
And hunger is ſharp and bite:
A little Sir, good Sir, ſpare,
To keep warm o' nights.

DICK and KATE.

I Made love to Kate,
Long I ſigh'd for ſhe,
Till I heard of late
She had a mind for me;
I met her on the plain,
In her beſt array,
So pretty ſhe did ſeem,
She ſtole my heart away.
O then we kiſs'd and preſs'd,
Were we much to blame?
Had you been there yourſelf,
You'd have done the ſame.
But as I fonder grew,
She began to prate,
Quoth ſhe, I'll marry you,
And you ſhall marry Kate.
O then I laugh'd, and ſwore,
I lov'd her more then ſo,
Tying each to a rope's end
Is tugging to and fro.
Again we kiſs'd, &c.
O then ſhe ſigh'd, and ſaid,
She was wondrous ſick.
Dickey Katy led,
And Katy ſhe led Dick.
Long we toy'd and play'd,
Under yonders oak,
But Katy loſt the game,
Although ſhe play'd in joak.
For there we did, alas!
What I dare not name,
Had you been there yourſelf, &c.

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FINIS.